

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
RALTER PULITZER, President, 55 Park Row.
J. AUGUS MEYER, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: The Evening World, For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year, \$5.00 One Year, \$5.00 One Year, \$5.00
One Month, \$0.50 One Month, \$0.50 One Month, \$0.50

VOLUME 34.....NO. 18,974

HOW IT WORKS.

THE EVENING WORLD invites attention to one effect of the new taxicab ordinance which appears at the very outset.

Of the first forty-five cabs which applied for licenses yesterday under the new regulations the Bureau of Licenses passed only seven. The other thirty-eight were turned down because of dilapidation, worn out interiors, narrow seats, failure to provide place inside for the rate schedule, etc. These cabs will not be allowed to do business until they have satisfied every requirement.

The favorite argument of the hotel men against abolishing private stands has been that under the public stand rule they could not find safe, comfortable taxicabs for their guests.

The way the Bureau of Licenses begins its work is conclusive answer.

The old system of privileged service and lax regulation not only fostered exorbitant rates but also encouraged a ragged outland fleet of irresponsible, unsafe and dirty cabs. The new ordinance, as enforced by the Bureau of Licenses, puts a sharp command upon every licensed taxicab in the city to come up to a minimum standard of comfort and safety. No public taxicab may lawfully seek custom in the streets of New York unless it is fit for anybody to get into.

Taxicab proprietors who know their business will be quick to bid for favor by outdoing the requirements and devising additional ways to make their cabs popular.

Alas! Are the despised Japanese to be the only great nation at the California show in person and with appropriations?

A TICKET OF EXPERTS.

WHATEVER flaws can be found in the Fusionist list of candidates, it remains first and last a ticket of experts. Those named to carry on the job of city government are for the most part men who know their trade from having worked at it.

John Purroy Mitchel has been Acting Mayor. The work of the Comptroller's office is an old story to William A. Prendergast. George McAneny is a municipal expert who has brought imagination as well as practical sense to the duties of Borough President. Being a live-wire District-Attorney is nothing new for Charles S. Whitman, and Cyrus C. Miller and George Cromwell have plentifully handled the affairs of their respective boroughs.

Much is to be said for a list of candidates in which almost every name is a guarantee of familiarity with the complicated duties of the office involved. No ticket can please everybody, but the Fusionists are fortunate in having picked a slate that stands for experience, first hand knowledge and the test of past service.

"Don't lose faith in men," advises a woman who has just secured a divorce and thirty or forty thousand a year alimony from one of them. Meaning, we suppose, that though they're fractious and frail, there's still good in them to the last dollar.

FOR AN AUGUST SUNDAY.

STEALING automobiles sounds like a refined and ladylike branch of crime. At any rate it appeals to one attractive young woman who directs the operations of a gang in Manhattan that has lifted one hundred and fifty cars in a single month this summer. How the detectives found out about her and the efforts they are making to run her down fill an interesting page in The Sunday World Magazine and Story Section to-morrow.

Strange doings of society Sun Worshipers who dispel "that tired feeling" by taking a few long breaths and swallowing the yolk of an egg; the round-the-world honeymoon plans of U. S. Grant and his young bride, who is dismayed by the hostility of her husband's family; the life a champion billiard player must live to make \$25,000 a year with his cue, and the extraordinary feats of agility and balancing involved in the thrilling sport of canoe sailing are other features of a wide variety of reading for a Summer Sunday to be found in the same issue.

Letters From the People

The Bath in the Bathing Suit.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
For the love of Mike, why isn't the question of men's ugly appearance in bathing suits taken up—and taken up with a vigorous jolt—by close in this city? The sight in male bathing dress that are as large as beach towels, and which are worn in the way of a figure, but she draws the line at a shade that scares the sea horse from his oats! I wonder how the average male bather, coming suddenly face to face with another of his kind, escapes the fate of the wretches in Byron's cheerful little poem. You remember how they "saw and shrieked and died." Even of their mutual hideousness they died!

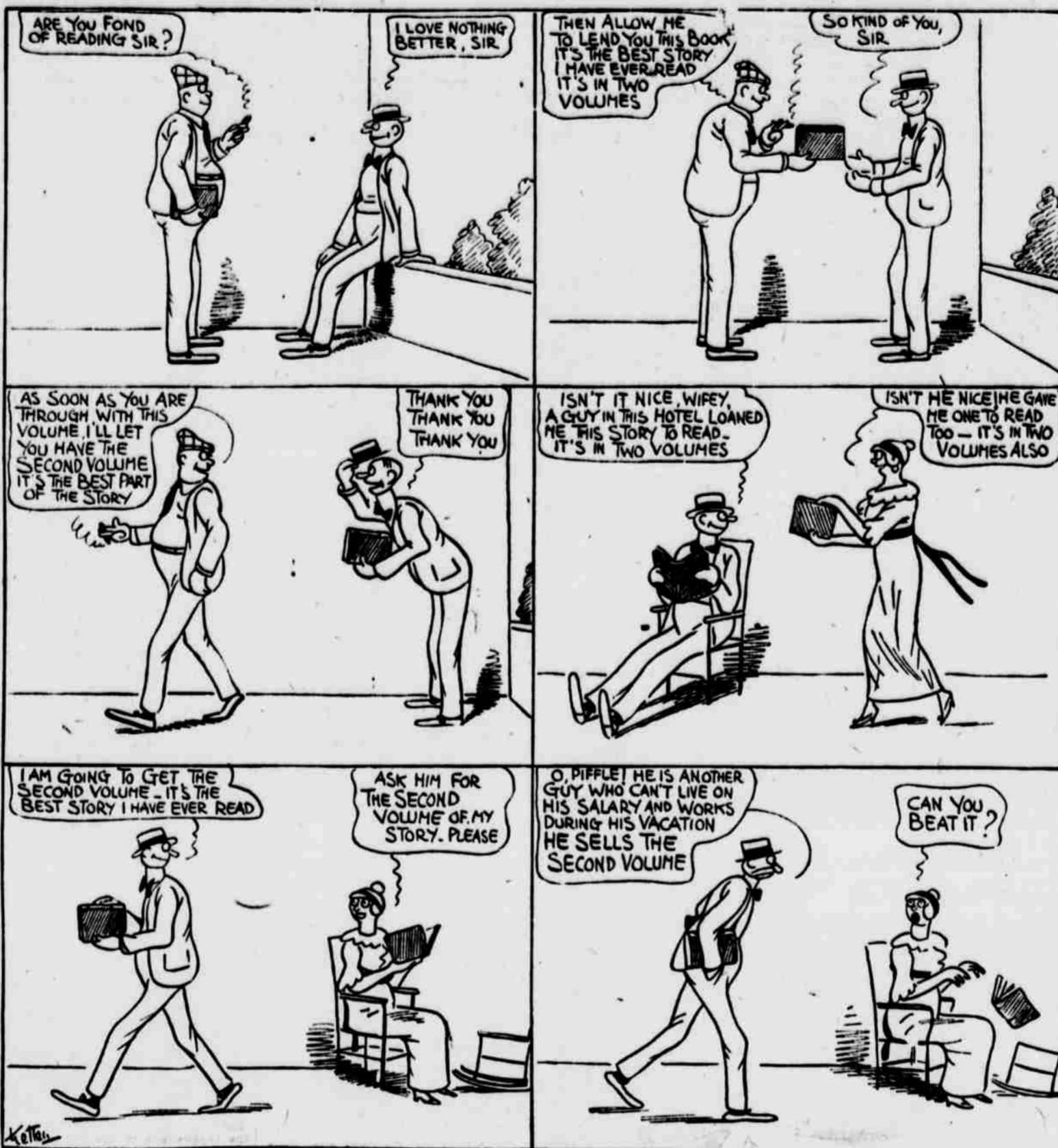
Can't something be done—for purely aesthetic reasons? For the male bather is a menace to the beauty of the universe.
GIRL WHO SWIMS.

The Panama Grab.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Allow me to congratulate you on your recent editorial entitled "What Some Neighbors Think." What Prof. George H. Blakeslee says in reference to the Southern Republics is true. The grabbing of Panama has been extensively commented upon and given very, very wide publicity throughout Latin-America. Many of the countries we have sent and still send are as you picture them. One has only to be in Latin-America and see the business agents our

Can You Beat It?

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By Maurice Ketten



The Happiness Chase

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By Sophie Irene Loeb



THESE that even a priestly hunt happiness and bring to bear this or that doctrine which should or should not be exploited for the "uplift" of all are constantly with us. And now comes a woman, heiress to a fortune, saying: "We all have a right to be happy. We all have a right to choose the right companion. Why should a woman have to dwell with a man or a man with a woman when they know they are unhappy?"

"The children? Oh, when we have become sufficiently civilized to alter our marriage laws the State will pension the children and that matter will be taken care of."

"Eugenic marriages? The idea is all very well, but it lacks practicability. Why should a man or woman have to lead a lonesome life because of the proposed impositions of the suggested eugenic laws?"

She goes on to suggest other "new school" ideas, all of which are supposed to pave the pathway to contentment and happiness for the individual. Yet, without one thing is certain. As yet the State has no fund for the distinct purpose of promoting individual happiness. It is concerned, however, with lessening the burdens of humanity generally.

And while all these twentieth century "isms" are made in the direction of Utopia, there is something to be said in rebuttal.

What of the little woman on the east side who has two or three little chil-

dren and at the same time a husband who has many faults she bears with because he has some virtues that keep the little band together until the children have become a credit instead of a hardship?

She too realized her "right to be happy" and her right to choose a companion. But the choice has not proved entirely satisfactory.

"I could have broken off long ago," said this little woman. "You these ones, near and dear to me, would have suffered as a consequence. I might even have married another man and perhaps been happy. But that too was a question. Happiness does not always mean satisfying yourself. Sometimes GREAT contentment and peace may be derived from making a SACRIFICE than from doing the thing that will satisfy yourself only."

There are no laws that could have treated the case so effectively as this little woman did.

There is something to be said about the boy who has an aged mother to care for, so that she will not become a charity charge, and who holds back his own wishes in the direction of marriage lest complications might arise to mar his peace of mind and perchance bring suffering to that mother in the pursuit of his own happiness.

Isn't there a sense of satisfaction in the feeling of having performed a duty which as yet the State has no laws to govern?

What of the husband who marries a frivolous woman and must needs labor for her, yet who gives her his protecting care with the knowledge that, being weak, harm might come to her if she were left to go her way? Would his happiness continue long if he were to discard her for another, with the full knowledge that only HER strength might have saved her?

What of the happiness of the old mother, who has "pinched and saved" to send her boy or girl to college and who now may sit quietly by and see a satisfactory RESULT of her sacrifices? Times without number similar evidences might be recorded of an unselfish spirit that has brought a more prolonged happiness against others where only the immediate concern of SELF was considered.

The individual who thinks he owes everything to himself rarely owns anything.

For all eventually leaves him. While each of us wants and needs happiness, it is rarely obtained with the idea that self alone must be satisfied.

The Day's Good Stories

The Minister Scored.

THE young lawyer didn't like the minister. He had been broken off long ago. "Well, this is my hat!" said the stranger, smiling. "Your hat! Then where's mine?" gasped Blake.

"Oh, yours is hanging behind you at the end of a string!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Willie No Duck.

DURING the recent busy sales a teacher in a Columbus school noticed one of her pupils absent.

The boy gave no satisfactory excuse when he appeared the next day, so the teacher wrote a note to his mother asking why Willie had been out of school.

In the afternoon the boy brought back the following reply: "Didn't you know it rained yesterday? Willie ain't no duck."—Indianapolis News.

A New Classification.

A PROSPEROUS-LOOKING young man stopped at the men's furnishings counter in one of the local department stores recently and asked to look at some shirts, stating he was a Youngstown Telegram.

"Have you any choice?" asked the salesman. "Don't think I have," replied the prospective customer.

"Would you like to look at something a trifle fancy?"

Raising his right hand in a slight motion of dissent and giving the salesman a knowing wink, the young man replied:

"No, show me some married man stuff."

Love's Labor Lost.

FLESHED and breathless, young Blake at last succeeded in picking up the hat, blown by the wind, which he had been chasing vigorously along the street, and, with a sigh of relief, leaned up against a lamp-post and, peering pitifully, tried to recover some of his exhausted strength.

Just then another man, also breathless, came running up, and, taking the hat from Blake's hand, remarked:

"No, show me some married man stuff."



She Discovers the Secret of "Personality."

AREN'T people INTERESTING? I mean, when you get down "under their skins," as Kipling says, and come to find out what they really are; not what they appear to be. Take the ordinary crowd at an ordinary summer hotel, for instance. When first you saunter into the dining room what a mass of commonplace human beings they appear—just tired men, and suburban women, in sticky, starched clothes—eating watermelon. You actually wonder how the woman could ever have married such men, and how the men can go on drudging to support such inauspicious women.

And then you get to know them, one by one, and you find that every one of them is a vivid, fascinating "personality."

What is "personality," anyhow? What is this drop of something in every human soul that makes him DIFFERENT from all the rest of humanity? What is it that makes one man or woman charming and another man or woman utterly lacking in magnetism? Hundreds of books have been written on the subject, hundreds of theories invented, and hundreds of dollars spent in trying to "cultivate" it. You are offered "magnetism" at so much per volt by the devotees of electricity, and "personality" at so much per lesson by the hypnotists and the mystics.

EVERYBODY HAS "PERSONALITY!" (There! You KNEW you had it, didn't you?) Every human being is clothed in a wonderful garment—a garment of his or her own dreams, a magic mantle of imagination. And it is this mantle that constitutes the DIFFERENCE in us. Do you remember when you were a tiny tad in your mother's womb, you saw yourself a mighty policeman or a dashing cab driver? Do you remember when you were a tiny girl how you fancied yourself the lovely lady in tarlatan skirts who rode the white horse in the circus? THAT dream was the first evidence of "personality" in you. It has never died—it may have changed a dozen times—but it is still the same glowing vision of yourself or your possibilities.

It is this role in the human comedy or tragedy which you have chosen and up to which you unconsciously try to live, that constitutes your individuality, this cloak of dreams wrap about you that makes life worth while. How often we say of a woman, "She fancies herself a siren!"

Well, for heaven's sake, let her fancy herself a siren or whatever else she pleases. Let the spinster have visions of herself as a Madonna, a mother, a housewife; let the tired clerk pore over his accounts dream of himself as a great financier; let the passive woman of the world still see herself as a blooming young girl.

It doesn't matter WHAT the dream is, nor whether or not it ever comes true. All that matters is just that we HAVE it. What we need is not to "reel ourselves others see us," but to see ourselves as others do NOT see us; as we OUGHT to be, as we MAY be, as we SHOULD be.

The youngest and most fascinating woman I know is over sixty. So bright is her vision of herself that it quite hides all her wrinkles and covers her with a veil of charm that keeps all the young folk, men and girls, trailing at her heels.

The richest woman I know is a little twenty-dollar-a-week stenographer, who glories in getting herself up like a Fifth Avenue doll and playing the role of a spoiled pet of fashion. This is her vision of herself; and I'll wager that she will some day attain it.

The prettiest woman I know of has snow white hair, but has somehow managed to preserve a vision of her youth that keeps her face like that of a wax doll, and her figure svelte like.

The wealthiest man I know is a dreamy eyed inventor, who hasn't a penny outside of his own imagination.

What if they do see "as through a glass, darkly?" Who wants to see clearly in this imperfect old world? The meanest, cruelest people on earth are those who go about telling other people the truth about themselves and pulling down their dreams. They call themselves "materialists" or "skeptics" or "honest friends." But as a FRIEND, give me a nice, pleasant old Ananias for company, if you please. Friends, true friends, see us as we see ourselves. They catch the vision of our dreams and HELP us to hold it, and through it to attain "personality."

And it is the same with those happy married couples one comes across occasionally. They have never told one another the "brutal truth," because they have never SEEN it. They have never knocked one another's halves off with the bludgeon of criticism, nor torn down one another's dreams by picking flaws or finding fault.

Don't let anybody shatter your vision of yourself. Keep it and guard it with your life. It is really all you'll ever have worth while in this world. And the road to Happiness is, after all, just the Pathway of Dreams. "Personality!" It has never been defined but once, and that was when the greatest of philosophers said:

"As a man thinketh, so is he."

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

THREE cheers!" cried the head pollster. "The Committee of One Hundred and Seven, enlarged to one hundred and ten to allow of the participation of the colored man and brother, has gone and given a Fusion ticket."

"I'd like to have a slant at the visage of Col. Theodore Roosevelt about this time," said the laundress in the laundry Canyon of Colorado somewhere. And if he's inside the canyon I'll bet his grin is so wide it will scrape the walls on both sides when he is coming out.

"When you come to assay the work of the Fusion Committee you must acknowledge that the Progressives put it all over the straight Republican Col. Roosevelt's followers, playing machine politics and smothered Whitman. Incidentally they put the Republican organization in a deep hole. For the Republicans, after having taken a prominent part in the Fusion deliberation and boasting Whitman to the finish line, can participate in the fight as a party organization only on the basis of a groch.

"The Bull Mooers have a strange hold on the situation. Mitchell, the Democrat, is their man. He is pledged to be non-partisan in distributing the spoils. If he is elected. Certainly, in that event, he cannot overlook his Bull Moose allies who made his nomination possible.

"You'll have to hand it to the Bull Mooers for putting it off over their O. P. associates from the start to the finish of this Fusion movement. Nobody knows what strength the Progressive party can muster in the city; not even the Bull Moose leaders. They went into the Fusion conference on a bluff, after endorsing Mitchell as an organization. They started to make a loud noise and continued same. And now they have Sam Koenig and William Barnes Jr. completely immersed in gloom."

Law Up-to-Date.
"THAT police captain's son who grabbed a girl's purse" in Brooklyn got another jury disagreement on his second trial," remarked the head pollster.

"People who watched those two trials tell me," declared the head pollster, "that sympathy for the boy was engendered by the bloodhound attitude of District-Attorney Crosey toward the father and mother of the prisoner."

"During the first trial of the boy Mr. Crosey tried to force his mother to testify against her own husband and the father of her disgraced son before the Grand Jury. Her refusal as a wife and mother to implicate her husband and further prejudice her son was natural and also within her legal rights."

"But Mr. Crosey forced her, whoring and hysterical into the court where her son was on trial and tried to get the judge to compel her to testify. There happened to be some men on the jury who carried this incident into the jury room with them. In the second trial there were jurymen who remembered that Mr. Crosey threatened his grief-stricken wife and mother until a judge of the court made him desist, and the woman's husband cowered to smother him on the jaw. It may surprise some to know that a District-Attorney is regarded by the public as a prosecuting officer, not a persecuting officer."

How About Daddy?
"SEE," said the head pollster, "that a suffragette says: 'After all, the woman is the mother of the babe, and a baby is a greater poem than Shakespeare ever wrote, a greater creative evidence than man ever demonstrated.'"

"It's a funny thing though," replied the laundress, "how many holders look like their fathers."

WAR EXTRA!
Aug. 2.
"Wouldn't a queerer war if it hadn't a fun fur Gabrey pop. He goes and gets himself lassoed. He wasn't satisfied with fooling the fun, but he goes and swipes me lasso and uses it fur a close-line. Never mind the take it out of Gabrey. You wait Gabrey!!!"

General Beany P.S. Stick around fellows there's going to be a battle soon.

Beany and the Gang

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By P. L. Crosby

